

boiled⁴ angel



MDIANA '93



BOILED ANGEL Number 4 is published by Michael C. Diana, 1990.
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I decorate my body with clothes pins and electrical alligator
clips in the name of the fuckin lard! I can't see what is being
put in my cup of corn flakes because they put a motherfuckin
slug over my goddamn eye balls, but that sure as hell don't
stop em from rolling outta their sockets! So I just chew my
rubber fetus!! 519 Cleaveland Ave. S.W. Largo, FL 34640

Well-cum my demented followers to the 4th ish of BOILED FUCKIN ANGEL! Some of you that dont like to read might find this editon a little too literary, but theres still plenty of sick comix & art to melt your little black,dead brains! Also notice that I have a letter section this ish! Some letters from a few of my dear readers! Keep those cards & letters cumming!! BOILED ANGEL #5 is gonna be my SATANIC SEX issue!! I have already received a number of submissions for it, a few of them even offended me! So I have faith that the next issue will probably be the most perverse and offensive issue yet to be spawn! I don't have a deadline so there's no telling how long it will be before it's availble. Finally, I thank all the dedicated people that sent their submissions to me and made this muck-rag possible!

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HERE ARE A FEW LETTERS I'VE RECEIVED CONCERNING MY PUBS.

Hey Mike,

Holy fuck! I received ANGEL FUCK & BOILED ANGEL & let me say again: HOLY FUCK! OUTTASIGHT STUFF! Perhaps the best comix I ever saw'd... I like you; you're a good decent sick man- not unlike myself... a credit to our species...twisted! BOILED ANGEL was especially a masterpiece ("BABY OIL" was tops!!).

PHILADELPHIA, PA

Hi Mike-

I read "BOILED ANGEL" and found it a fascinating study of blood,gore,dismemberment and sadism. WOW! Some of this stuff "CREEPS" even ME out! I liked the centerfold and the single panels by Lively were crude but actually funny. My fave were the buzzards""TOASTING" ("HERE'S TO US"). I dunno about "BABY OIL"-I realize you're into shock value but... Same goes for "HEAD TO THE END"- I guess ya gotta let it out,somehow.

ENCINITAS, CA

Dear Mike,

First of all, I want to apologize for not writing sooner. I own my own business making women's leather fashion accessories (not kinky), and have been working from 10:00AM to 1:00AM every day. This is the first day off in 3 months. Now onto more interesting things. Your new magazine, Boiled Angel is great! My sister and I read the comix and both of us were rolling on the floor with laughter. One of my favorites is BABY OIL. Nice and gross, keep it up!!

ONT. CANADA

Michael! Holy Mutilations! Holy Hacked off cocks! Holy Short Circuiting Dildoes! Gawd damn, yer Zine Rages! I spent about 3 hours goin through Angel Fuck #1,#2, just slowly savoring the fruits of a fellow Demented Dude! Your stuff-All 3 Angel Fucks-are the most sickening stuffs I've seen in the last 2 months,maybe of my whole life, but my memory sucks, so I'll say definately for the last 2 months! When I say "Sickening", Do'nt get the wrong idea-all of it was a turn-on, I loved everything and carefully studied every page, then closed my eyes to let my mind create a "Real" scene in relation to yer drawings, Worked Beautifully, cuz yer stuff is so detailed and expressive!

BROOKLYN,N.Y.

Mr. Diana,

I am a catholic and a concerned mother, my son is 17 and he ordered your Boiled Angel book, luckily I took it out of the mail before he saw it. I know that it's not your responsibility to check for proof of age ,but why must you draw such bad things anyway? Is there a reason? If you need help with your life turn to your savior, Jesus Christ, not the devil. I will pray for you.

ITASCA, IL

MY RESPONSE TO THIS LETTER: FUCK YOU CUNT! IT MAKES ME SAD TO KNOW YOUR SON HAS SUCH A FUCKEN BITCH FOR A PARENT. YOUR CAN TAKE ALL YOUR CATHOLIC BULLSHIT & SHOVE IT UP YOUR HOLY ASS!! WHEN ARE YOU FUCK HEADS GONNA REALIZE THAT THERE IS NO god! WHY DON'T YOU COME TO MY HOUSE SO I CAN BUST YOUR UGLY FUCKEN RELIGIOUS FACE!! BITCH!

Mike,

I got Angel Fuck. Thanks for the issues. I was a good person. I obeyed the law and ate my greens. Then you Angel Fucked me! I am now in max security at county jail. My mother is dead from an overabundance of coathangers due to the fact I thought I heard my long lost sister calling for me to pull her out of her pussy prison. That was just from issue #1! I then read #2 and left for the daycare center up the street. They weren't children they sounded like rabid poodles, gnashing their teeth at me. I fell 23 of them with ZZ kicks-heads are fragile when they're young. I've been sitting out here selling dime bags of Ajax & Drano to wanna be dope lords. When they come back I squirt them in their crotches with Acid, such expressions. Cops came and threw me naked in this Fucking cell. Please send BOILED ANGEL, Heres \$2. I know that's the inspiration I need to take care of my roomate. He's withering right now with his dick in his mouth. But I keep wiping the blood off his asshole, so hurry!

Mike!

LOS ANGELES, CA.

Thanks for sending all the psychotic stuff, also for the free issue of Angel Fuck! This shit is more fun than picking the vaginal scabs off a whore! Your zines are filled with the best carnage, violence and butchery this side of hell! And your movies were no letdown! Everyone looked like they had a good time makin them. But who wouldnt with all the blood and body parts you had in them. Was that a real cock in Bloodbrothers? It was very convincing! And Sleazy Love was such a tragic tale. Spit on a dog biscuit and give it to Daisy for me! Keep the slaughter commin!

BABY FUCKED DOG FOOD!



YOU DIDN'T THINK I
ADOPTED YOU OUTTA
LOVE DID YOU? HOW COULD
I EVEN THINK OF LOVE-
ING A FUCKIN MISFIT
ORPHN LIKE YOU? DA
ONLY THING I'M GON-
NA LOVE IS FUCKIN
YER HOT LITTLE ASS!



THIS IS YOUR ROOM
YOU WILL SLEEP
HERE! NOW GET
UNDRESSED &
BEND OVER!

SOB
SOB

PLEASE
DO NT!

SHUT-UP
DUMB FUCK

THROB

THROB

ARRGG

AHHHH
OHHHHH
SOB... SOB...

NEXT MORNIN SCOTT
WOKE WITH A SORE
ASSHOLE! HE WAS
FORCED TO EAT DOG
FOOD FOR BREAKFAST.



THIS IS MY
DOG FOOD FAC-
TORY! WATCH
& LEARN!



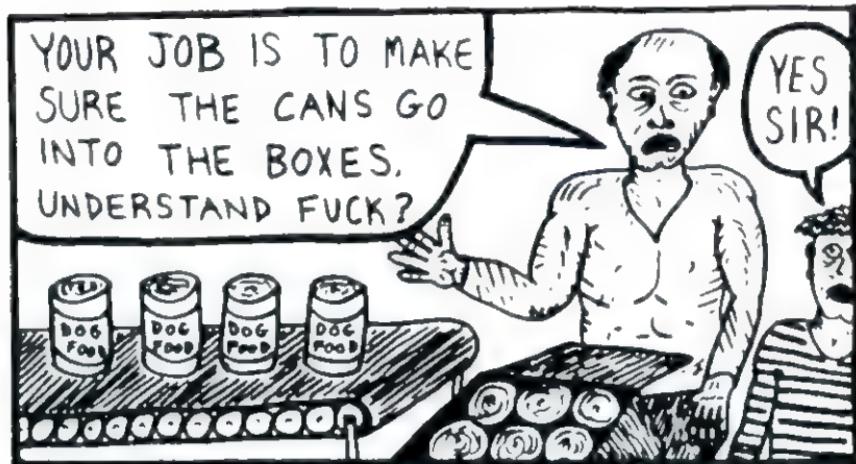
FIRST, I TAKE ONE OF THESE
INFANTS THE WHORES DOWN
TOWN SOLD TO ME!!



THEN I FUCK
IT INSIDE - OUT!







THAT WAS A
GOOD ONE!!

GRIND

GOP
PLOP



OVER THE WORK WEEK
SCOTT MADE A GOOD
FRIEND IN SPOT!

I WANNA BE FRIENDS
SEE, I GOT YA A
BIG JUICEY STEAK!



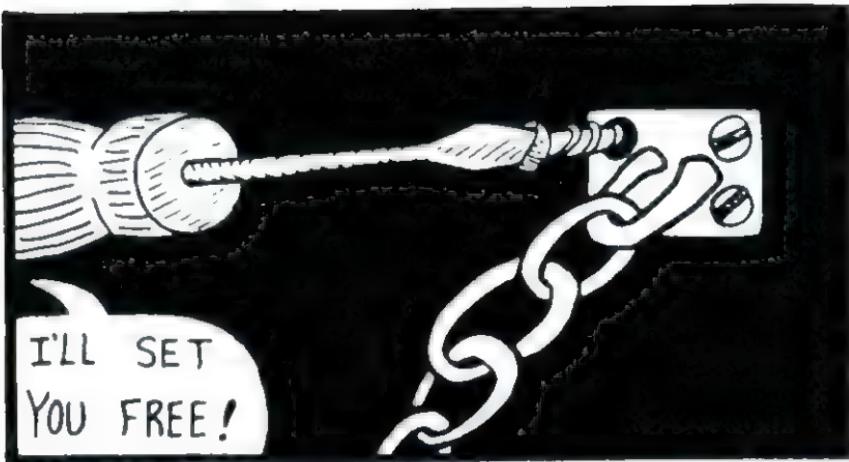
MY NEW DAD IS A
VERY SICK & EVIL
MAN! WE ARE BOTH
HIS SLAVES!! WILL
YOU HELP ME KILL
HIM?! PLEASE?!



NO ONE LOVES ME!
WILL YOU PLEASE BE
MY BEST FRIEND?!!
WILL YOU LOVE ME?
SOB... SOB... SOB.....

WHINE
WHINE







deep in the scrotum below your fingers



CRUSHING



The three female defendants sketched giggled, or looked bored as witness after witness testified to their savage slaughter



implanted the pins can be used as contacts for electrical current (remember, no current from one arm to the other if you don't want to trigger a heart attack), or heated with a match or other heat source.

More insertion of needles under the nails

Fig 21-6 A, Congenital cleft mandible. B, An oblique facial cleft. C, Complete wide bilateral cleft. D, Deficiency of premaxilla and probulum. E, Absence of premaxilla and probulum as well as septum. F, Complete absence of central lip, palate, and nasal structures. G, Absence of primary palatal and central nasal structures. H, Cyclops

away. You may have to revive him often so he can fully appreciate

SATAN!

SUBURBAN HELL PEOPLE DR. ALESSI

when I got home from work last nite, a terrible thing had happened. My wife had transformed herself into an evil leather amazon!!!! yes



after she beat me up, she fist fucked me!!!! yes yes yes



and guess what?
I loved it

OH GOD



FOR SALE

Locker facility which includes locker building -
slaughtering house - family dwelling
Excellent opportunity for someone interested
in the meat processing business

Cell 13 648-5282

Located in small agricultural community
Southwest Kansas

UP THE ASS!

Piss on a Crucifix.

Secrets of the Director's Collection

666

NAZIBOYZ GET SOME GOODSEX - DR. ALESSI



Right lower quadrant of the
anterior abdominal wall and
the inguinal region. Some
surface markings

Tubercle of iliac crest

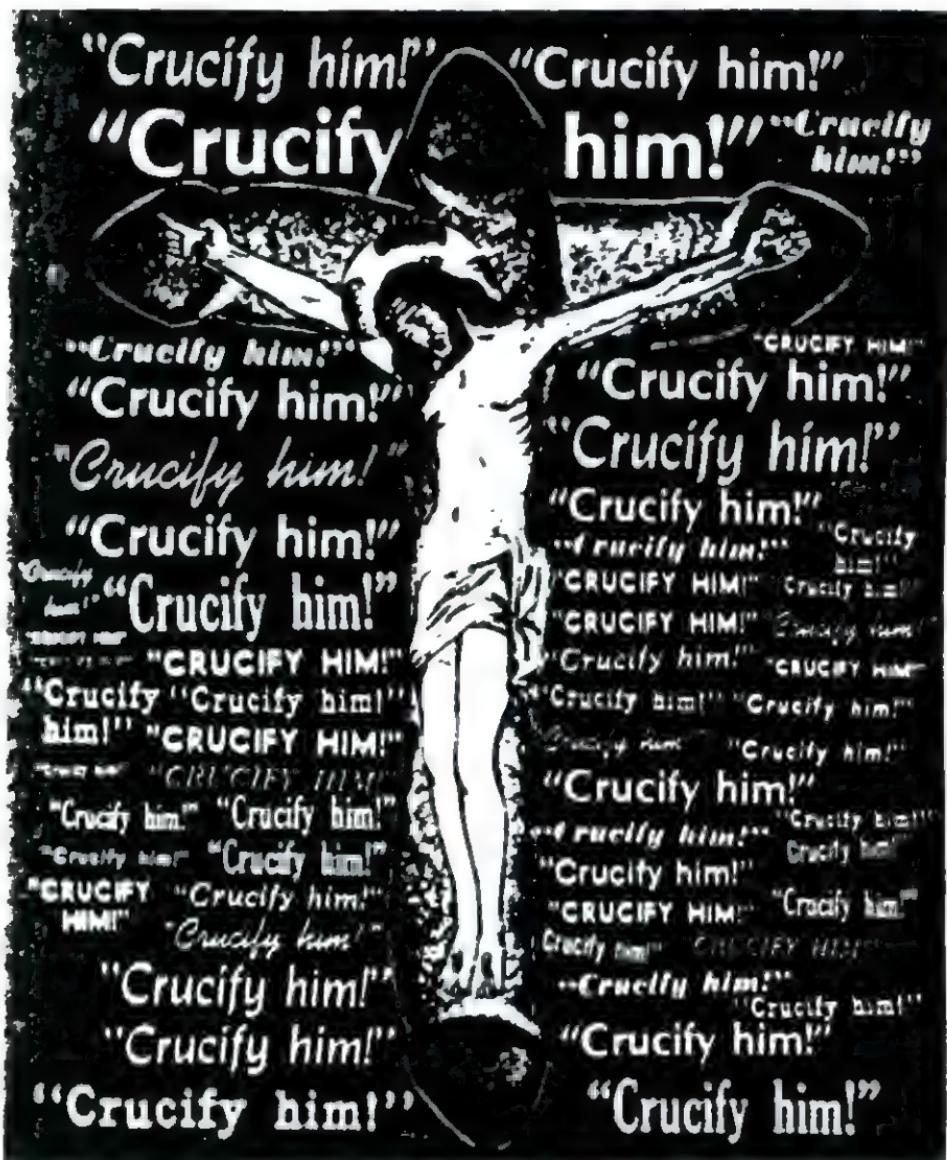
Iliac crest

Anterior superior iliac spine



FUCK IN A CHURCH.

A needle and thread holds one part of him to another part of him. A hammer and nail holds one part of him to something else. If the "nails" are sterile and slender enough, this can also be done with a minimum of damage and no permanent marks. A large pin or needle can be used to nail his scrotum, his cock head, or his tongue to a table top, or nail his ear or tongue to a post. However, if you decide to nail down hands or feet resign yourself to doing some permanent damage.







WOUNDS AND INJURIES OF THE SOFT TISSUES OF THE FACIAL AREA





WOUNDS AND INJURIES OF THE SOFT TISSUES OF THE FACIAL AREA





2-08-3



3. I understand that no warranty or guarantee has been made as to the results or outcome



2-08-3

CRACKED

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3-4-5



4. I have conferred with the said physician and or other physicians about the nature and purpose of the operation or procedure, the possibility that complications may arise or develop risks which may be involved and possible alternate methods of treatment.

SKIN BANDIT

by

Gomez Robespierre

My obscure flesh is aroused by decay. . . , the slimy menace of disgust bronze burning monsoons kissed by strange beast that I whip with whirling rapture dancing upon the vagabond's silk cream casket. . .

Every day appears to dawn greyer, more bleak. . . the stench on the breeze then a click and the sound rises so horribly like gurgle of sliced brain behind wet viscous fungus covered walls rusted chains swaying slightly flakes of despair . . . clinging to your face like a film of splintered mumbling grease. . . every day more intolerable. . . the effusion of moribund ironies so pretty when the clamps forge new blood pain long ago exiled, the filthy gauze spittle and snot leaking and my aching gut convulsing she fingerfucks herself green clouds hover the tears streaming down my face dogs howl ancient rivers dried up into the gutter too many lost promises under my feet like shit. . . broken visages, argillaceous, of the damned. . , the depraved. . , the despicable. . , the already dead. . .

The streets of the city. . . clogged overflowing with strays flea- and tick encrusted dogs, cats, coati-mundis. . , ferrets . . , gibbons. . , guineau pigs. . and your pretty face your smile like chipped china in a burned-out delapidated crater stinking of fuel-brigade the stomping grinning soldiers roasting preemies shish-kebob'd the open fire seething with plangent moans over rotting purple mountains--oh! the laughter and the darkness mingled with their cheap ideals their loathsome carcasses--ah! how my moldering soul flaps and toads. . , the lousy balmy breeze igniting the hate and anguish deep within. .

And monitor lizards, huge and transmogrified, prowl

it and flickerings of tongues compressed blue transgressions
the arteries and veins and conduits of my vulgar body teeming
with bacteria, with viruses, with parasites they hold their
breath and doggie paddle or breaststroke through the licorice
swish of dianthus brain hum humming madly madly--black alley
invitation to you to have your scrotum scissored--

The stupidity and the envy -it's on their faces: gimme
gimme. . . fuck you no fuck you well fuck you too--greed: greed
. . , rapacious and cavorting insanely like a rabid bull wired
on Dexedrine. . . the greed the wanting, the craving. . . want-
ing things. . . things and more things to play with. . , to
occupy the brain and the hands, the hands, beneath the finger-
nails, it's caked with ordure (glistening stream. . . syphilitic
dicks pissing into it deer and bear and chipmonk lying dead in
the fuming morass the crazed infant, toothless, gnaws on the
pudenda screeching of albino owls petrified trees garlands of
sparkling dust hum-humming and faintly glowing green the opos-
sum smoking a Dannemann cigar, Sumatran, upsidedown) and sundry
filth--things to palliate the monolithic boredom things to ele-
vate the ego of the self, things to give you self-import, things
enabling you to feel. . . like. . . a. . . person--a real-life
one, yet!--things rotating under strobe lights scent of sandal-
wood and seapine piercing shrillness of the mandrake root the
mullen simmering in the cauldron spheres of silver falling
to the planet's surface wild invincible bloated time addict
twisting undulating grimace of ecstacy. . .

Faint green glow of sandalwood in the fuming apocalyptic
forest. . . albino chickens grunt. . . bloated filth spheres
. . . aureate rope binds the wrists of the dis-eased. . . the
worshippers of the menacing mutant clock god smeared with purple
whipped cream brain awash with pointed sharp-edged triangular
shards of opaque gruesome glass from the plundered infirmary

. . . solferino metal dust in crystal testtubes. . , dripping of the faucet cumulus clouds suspended in captured lean carnivorous flaming exhaustion. . . loitering on the ignoble truculent abuse of unwanted bastard--late dripping clock-worshipers pointed crystal cream brain--things suspended in opaque steaming void of sleep--the rope that binds the wrists. . . the steaming void of sleep. . . invincible filth. . .

Ignored, ignored, it's nothing new the merrymaking the good old jolly times, ah, the smarmy ersatz grins and toothy smiles, the voices, the voices getting louder louder the clambering the peeling reality sloughing off like python skin soothing heat without devil's shoe string violence against glue flash points dwindling into passive psychosis--her terrorizing scowl and embroidered fabricated sex abuse peppered with miracle recovery children riddled helplessly out of long pauses--walk on by. . .

She spanked her brother he climaxed made a mess of the upholsterry--mock fabrication--his dick getting limp and sensational whilst dumb queens dance in the magic dream garden of ancient Babylon--sapphires lustily roam a hustled sky so tricky so ludicrous--her strawberry future revealed when she spread her musical legs demolished sensational abuse. . . violence getting louder. . . ersatz jolly times, without skin psychosis. . . he climaxed. . . my walls were covered with Kung Fu movie chains swaying slightly rusted and flaking- but it's no big trick, really, actually. . , especially being a glamour town--and he rolled over onto the floor me whipping her she frigging her clit grimacing with pleasure, the high end of our cathedral of activity. . . tearing her pudenda literally apart, the best of times, ah, the cum gushing from her recesses sooth ing her womb with my red bony fist. . . vast spectacular fields of white and then

the dark gelid stillness. . . the no-wind, the soundless rigidity of space. . . words, phrases, outcryings that can but wont be spoken. . . caresses no one shall feel. . . pleasures you wont sigh over. . . empty stinging through your chest, through your gut. . . burning brain, burning eyes. . . choked with the agony of isolation. . . turning to no one, no-one to embrace the aching stiff tight neck and shoulders. . .

Consolation is like a dinosaur: extinct. . . and grief, it's shaped like a wet greasy jackhammer, grief, it tastes like ice cubes of piss. . . and sweat is your spikenard: relish it, relish it. . .

And wiping the blood from the back of my hand on my sister's face, her left cheek, let's be precise here. . . , and she's crying and clutching herself between her legs banshee howl over the asphalt rooftops--

"Dont act like such a puerile little cunt," I say and she purbles a reply all tears and snot and slimy bloody mucus strands between her teeth, "it wasnt all that bad. . .you loved it! dont bullshit me! dont give me that bullshit," and then a nice gentle kick to the ribs, the side that's bandaged. . .

Distant twilight redemption sucked into slowmotion vortex contained within the mote of dust trapped between two naris hairs. . . wet glabrous female thigh laved by tongues. . . distant orb, white, in abeyance ejaculates light upon cars dogs coati-mundis, trees--vermiform fingers of the lady. . . black two inch nails rake gently lightly the calf. . . tongues behind the soft knees, the hands traveling back upwards to the thighs, inner thighs, one hand reaching for an open mouth, lips glistening, fingernail gently scrapes a tongue, fingers slowly drop down throat. . . a gurgling sound. . . index and middle fingers grasp, pincer-like, an object, an object small, small like a marble. . . a grey nacre. . . pulling it up. . . and then holding the pearl, she bends and spreads her legs. . .

Wisps of steam rise from the bathwater. . . tongues laving furiously at inner thighs, behind knees. . . the hand not holding the nacre moves toward the area up betwixt the thighs with index and middle fingers spreads the labia major, then labia minor. . . inserts the grey mother-of-pearl. . . pushing with the middle finger into upper deepest recesses--

ecru penis drifts upward caught by a concupiscent angel he shoots it up with silicone and uses it to satisfy his cherubic girlfriend, a Dilaudid junkie--

Virgins, ceramic and glossy, glitter in the dream moon-light like blessed vessels of sea fire burning silently in the stagnant garden. . .

I cannot bear the dark flames that singe my soul's tenuous fabric blue ocean breeze nicking and denting the haunted red voice flickering in a damp room. . .

Translucent grasshoppers leaping into simple cutup children's patterns. . . white wooden hearts. . . moist cages illuminated by eerie green light. . . syrupy clouds intone grief's surprise I smile casually and garotte time with a length of piano wire . . . my gentle strategem. . , twilight in the village. . , the gathering of exhausted little silver birds. . , the glaring echoes are memories already forgotten and buried in a faded picture severed from me crumpled beauty precious treasure cut away in my lifetime and embraced by the amorous germ--kissing the floating eyes leaping stagnant syrupy grasshoppers--the seashore sanitarium wrapping my desperation around simple flickering blue dream hearts -I have resigned myself I am gathering the moist haunted voice of grief--I am sullied by the eyes of hatred gradually crystallizing the fragrance of dawn perfumes. . . distant tinged arousal. . . I forced her lips shut. . . her grim strange face. . . tears of oily passion. . . the furnace burns up the decaying ugly recognition. . . lovely fresh pet

optimum destroyed pale dance of sickness-deflowered virgins
clad in shaved ice. I fuck the warm scruples of deposed
pope. I spit out the saliva of carnal joy. . . even the holy
men flee. . . I pull the trigger of victory and shouting rains
open jewel trees and sour rocks stench of sulphur so gigantic
I think like a retarded cyclops waving his purple flag the
mountains ablaze with dizzy sins charging through the morning
air like a freight train smashing strawberry candy promises. . .

MR POTATO HEAD GOES COLD TURKEY

An empty box: Pandora's split the scene. . .

Pandora's empty: the box is split. . .

FLYING FARMER ASTOUNDS NEIGHBORS

Greywhite firmament covering--sky blank open--change not
possible--empty quarts of cheap beer lie like assassinated
pterodactyls in burnt solferino sand. . . frozen vegetation
. . . heliotrope frogs fall from a cursed sky. . . they pull
their parachute cords. . .

My fucking father, when is he ever going to call, the old
blubbering fool?--When the piss rivers run dry, that's when!--
when the winged azute salamander departs for its winter-month
nests, that's when. . .

Watching the telephone--I dont know what for. . . he's
never called before. . . always that slim stringbean chance,
though. . . unlikely, however. . . meanwhile uncap the vial
and down a few more Percocets. . . the television sits there
cold and blank. . . I never use it--why should I? . . why should
I watch some show about spicks and niggers and white trash either
living it up, learning "morals," cracking insipid one-liners,

or getting their brains blown out on some street corner mucous strands hanging between the teeth run dry when winged nests between her legs are blown out from the back of a puerile face

Ah, what-the-fuck. . . too much talk anyway!--just ask any body!--ha ha cant shut-the-tuck up: and here's my prescription: two-hundred milligrams of codeine washed down with half of-a-fifth of Courvoisier, V.S.O.P.- then pop on a cassette of Brahms or maybe a Gregorian Chant. . . pop it into the faithful old machine. . .

Just think:--they tell you how to worry about finding God . . . they charge big bucks to tell you how to reach God. . . sic the Better Business Bureau on them creeps. . .

Well I'm here to tell you, yes, chil'ren, the Lord can indeed be found--at the pharmacy. . . at the liquor store. . . all the religion you'll ever fucking need. . . twixt a bitch's thighs in her warm mouth. . . but dont forget to pull a teeth check!--had a buddy once lost partial use of his dick and sustained some unappetizing scars because the dude you see forgot to perform a teeth check the cunt did a number on him turns out he'd fucked with her prepubescent sister week before that rammed her out real good, y'unnerstand, she couldnt hold in her shit without blind screams riding the wind, humph, who gives a fuck anyway?

Certainly not you, my dear sister, lying upon your iron waterbed, calendula scattered on the sheets, donut crumbs on the floor, why, theyre sprinklings from you, marvelous slut princess--theyre remnants, each individualized, contributing to a whole--and so are you a remnant, a particle, of some greater whole. . . but now, indistinguishable from those other fragmented garish prurient waifs, yes, those of your kind, who lie scattered upon the surface of our lovely rotten planet, mere crumbs, swept away by some intergalactic porcine imponent godness, once so desirable, now contemptible now I rather

So come to me now, my dear sister. . . , come to me with
orris powder in your pussy hair. . . , come to me with balm of
Gilead clenched in your fists. . . let me lick your suppu-
rative wounds. . . and when I am done. . . allow me to inflict
some more. . .

Sound of eight drums- portal of revulsion--bent simplistic
dream: our Monday gift on this sweet June day, rainy hedgehog
eyes pinpoint snap of doomed light tenebrous and melancholy--
old horizon sent reeling back in time to places of distinct
placidity, places where felicity of sleep is bequothen in jim-
son weed robes to the participants. . . blonde rush of vertigo
falls to her knees and smashes her face into Casandra's soft
downy muff furious tongue running up and down the length of her
slit flicking the clit a honey buzz of milk treasure buried in
chiseled emerald vats wrapped in coarse silk painted with scenes
of a young girl's lascivious childhood: her baths with her sib-
lings in scented rosewater the wisps rising and undulating
echinacea burning in a brass elephant incense burner caressing
budding breasts and stiff ripe nipples the cuntal moisture
seeping into the bathwater their knees nicked from adolescent
horseplay in the back yard soft chiseled pop! when from down
emerald scenes comes a gush of precise big bucks their mouths
lock tongues amplexant teeth click! lips soft fingers snaking
up velvety slippery orifices I stretch my sister's mouth with
my hands the middle fingers hooked in on either side pulling
tut pulling with all my strength her hard nipples ache the
feather of happiness tickling her strap-marked buttocks. . .
my vas deferens rumble in a spasm of pure fucking electric wet
white midnight::::

This is the pink dawn of life--a life that slithers and crawls inexorably into the mouth of death--death, grey and ineluctable. . . purring with miserable beauty. . . grim hot pain in a forlorn sky. . . decaying emotions, like a polluted oily stream, running into the filthy cold iron inlet. . . flying balls of fire and glass impact against the thick blood walls of penance, sorrow, hopelessness. . .

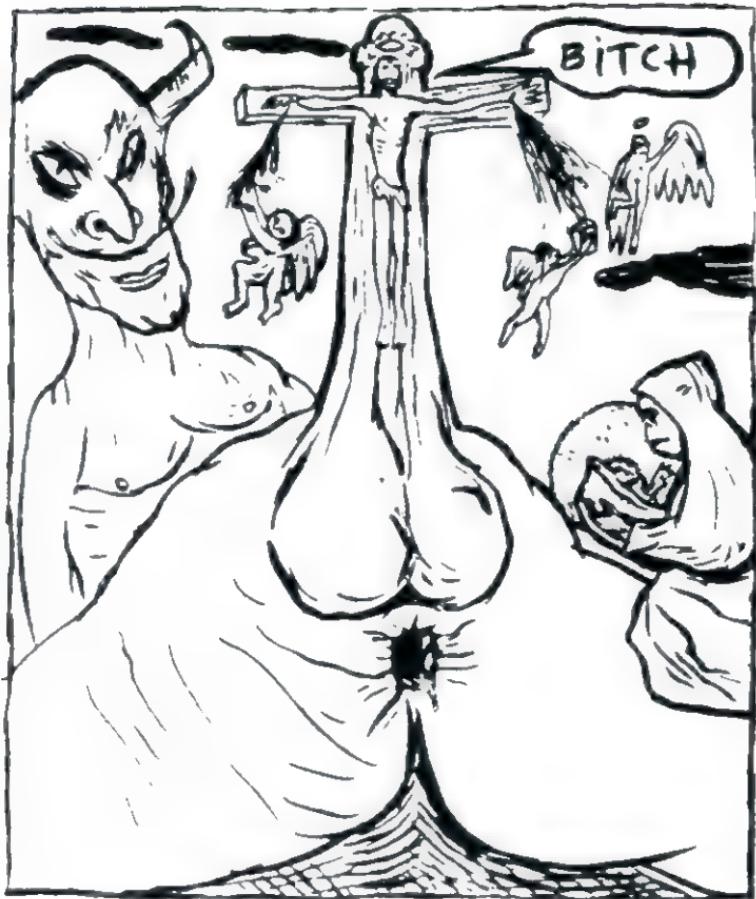
A child rolls a hoop made of summer charcoal campfires. . . . orange monkeys hang by their tails from branches of rubberized faith and stealthily steal the fading reverberations of the sacred temple gong. . .

//blooming flowers of tissue reeking of nigger vomit and slaughtered promises and squealing anointed lies and condensed pussy willow branches burning in a green gelid fire on the surface of our vitiated planet. . .

The End









MIKE DIANA '90

"To die in the electric chair is the only thrill I have not tried"



"I cut your daughter up and ate part of her flesh...she died a virgin"

THIS IS THE FACE OF THE VILEST SEX MONSTER

en came the most chilling confession of all. Grace was just one of his victims. He'd been praying hidden, murdering, torturing, abusing them for years. "I am a man of passion. You don't know what that means unless you are my kind," he said madly. "The bushes you and I catches you, then it's in your blood. It's the passion that has control, not the man. The love of passion for what Bert H. Fish has done, like on that Sunday in June when I went to the window and whistled to that girl, Grace Budd, and she stopped running daisies and came in. I'm not guilty of anything. I'm not challenging anyone. Mr. Fish was charged with arsenic, but he was in state jail at the time of his horrifying answer. The man who Grace's murderer had been since the hood gates of Hell. A sex-crazed, blood-thirsty and sadistic killer who reveled in his sins.

Holding Grace's hand, Fish led her to a deserted house known as Star's Cottage. "He took his implements inside and stripped," said Doctor Frederic Wentham, the court psychiatrist who heard first hand the account of his grisly crime when Grace came in and saw Fish standing there. "He screamed that if she would tell her mother, he would stab her in the throat, throw her on the floor and strangle her."

Fish tore off the little girl's clothes and beatened her with his cleaver, trapping her head in paper he hid behind the outside lavatory stall. He hacked Grace's body in half, left above the nave, and hid the other part behind the paper. Then he took parts of her body home with him and he coulled them in various ways," said Dr. Wentham.



After his lifetime of perversion, only one remained - cannibalism. So little Grace Budd was lured to an empty house one sunny day...

Most abhorred, Fish is a dozen different creatures in his mind. One is the man who revels in his depravity, taking them to the furthest corners of the earth where he has buried the bones of Grace's body. Another is the man who thinks he is a saint, a man who has been tortured by his sins.

There could be no more guilty of anything than the man who has been challenging society. Mr. Fish was charged with arsenic, but he was in state jail at the time of his horrifying answer. The man who Grace's murderer had been since the hood gates of Hell. A sex-crazed, blood-thirsty and sadistic killer who reveled in his sins.

Fish is sexual, he is sadistic, he is a cannibal, he is perverse. Dr. Frederic Wentham, detailing the first of his regular psychiatric examinations known in modern times, said Fish was just as perverted as he was after the death of his father, when he descended to bestiality. He spanked his last child, his son, by his obsession with satanism. His passion grew to the point where eating the flesh of his own and other people was the height of his perverse pleasure. He remained a cannibal.

Fish used to sodomize his son with a blunt instrument, then beat him and left him to die. He took this to his children, too. Dr. Frederic Wentham said with a shuddering, "I often driven to the point of tears when he told he would have God to castrate the boy. First with the knife, then with his hands, for his own wife's sake. He confessed to an old woman he had way up in the mountains, he had castrated them to the point of death. He was a religious creature, who believed in Christ and Hell. He had a son, the child to be. The child to be, when he explained mate-"

THE CANNIBAL

GLAMOUR

17

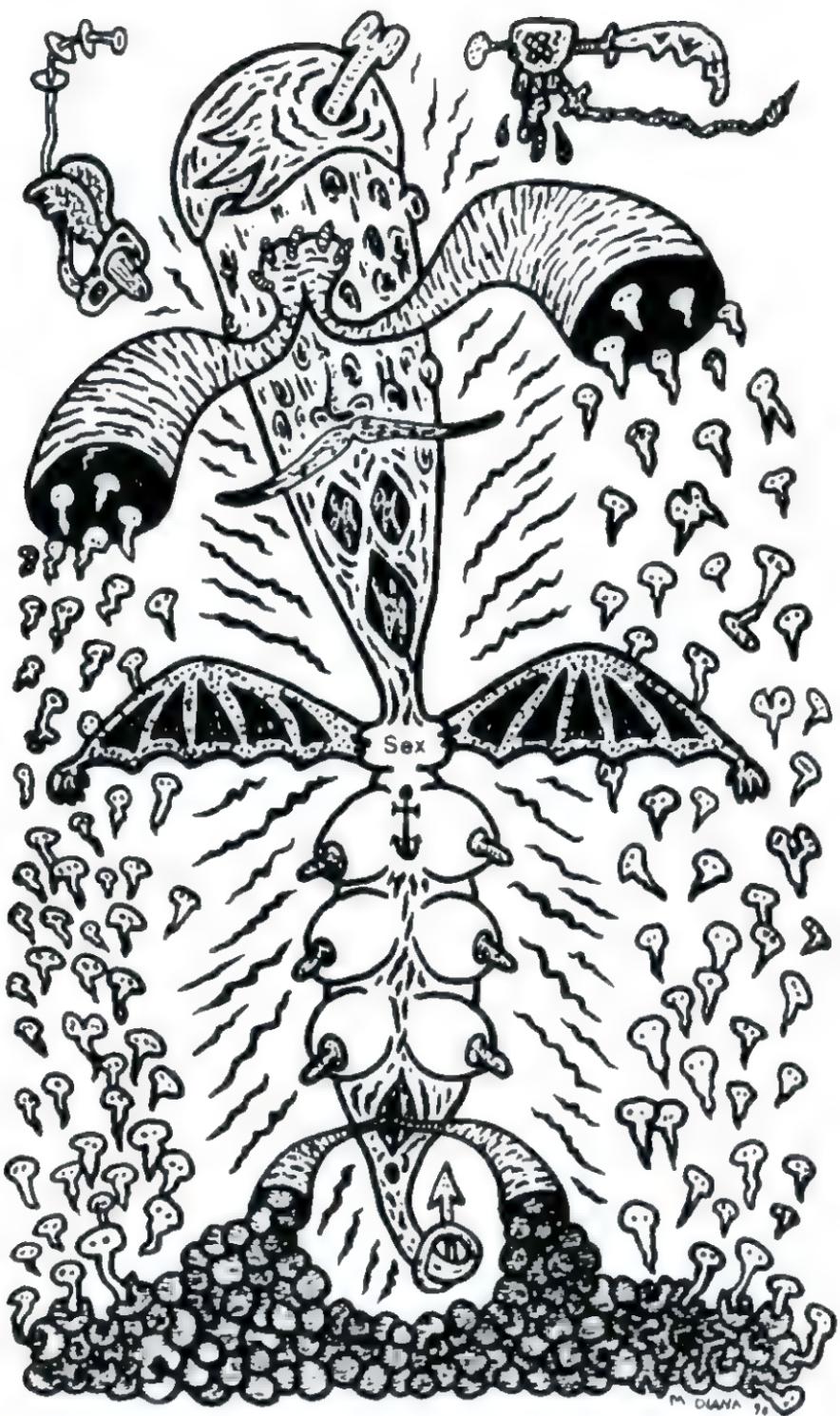
Use only under close adult supervision. For outdoor use only. Place on level surface. Light fuse and get away. Do not hold in hand.

STARLIGHT Drive In Theatre

big movie

EMITS SHOWERS OF SPARKS

CINEMA BIBLE



President of Taylor Incorporated, Elle Moore, was introducing the candidates to the chairwoman of the board, Bella. She was using first names only.

"One at a time ladies."

"This is one of our vice presidents, Eda."

A six foot one inch ash-blond came into the executive conference room. In her early forties she still had the striking beauty of her youth only enhanced by maturity. A full bodied woman with hazel eyes, and a regal figure.

"Vice president of our engineering division, Rosemary".

A 5 foot four petite woman came in. In her mid thirties she had a slim waist and athletic build. She still had the great legs of a former semi-professional ballet dancer. A light brunette, hair shaded more towards red. She took her seat glancing at Ellie with her pale blue eyes.

"This is a senior engineer in our engineering division, Dana."

She was a slim tall five foot ten, her dark brown hair to her shoulders. China blue eyes set in an angular face. She sat down and crossed slim athletic legs.

"Senior attorney in our law division, Grace."

Dark brown eyes, long coal black hair, a consummate Latin beauty with olive skin. In her mid twenties she too had an athletic figure though unlike the other three women, with their perfectly proportioned breasts, her bust was generous.

The four women looked superb in their chic business suits. Just the right amount of makeup. Sophisticated, well educated sharp career executives.

Elle began. "I think you all know chairwoman Bella. As you ladies know you are here today to take advantage of your achievements. To make a quantum leap in management. The founder of this firm, Hattie Taylor, wished to honor those who had given good service to the company by rewarding them with a chance to attain their next career step quickly. However she was a strange woman and the process is unusual."

She glanced around the table, "you have shown yourselves to be ruthless without bound in the attainment of your position and your actions of the last year have shown how far you would go to attain more power in the company."

Speaking to Bella she explained, "Eda conceived a plan to eliminate one of our competitors, with the help of Rosemary and Dana they engineered a disastrous chemical spill that cost the lives of ten thousand people, then through clever legal maneuvering broke the financial back of this competitor, even got some of the claims money for us."

Turning her lined face towards the ladies Bella addressed them, "yes and now each of you will have a chance to advance. Eda to President of the Board, Rosemary to Executive Vice President and Grace and Dana to Presidents of your respective divisions. However since the terms of the ordeal you are about to undertake are so unusual, and will undoubtedly cost the life of at least one of you if not all, I must ask if you have read the terms of the agreement and the detailed statement of each of your tasks that have been written up for you."

She looked at each of the women in turn, getting agreement from each. Inwardly she knew each thought that what was about to happen was crazy. She had to admire their avarice, what they were about to undertake was crude and probably not to the liking of such refined women.

"Good, what you have done for the company is now you have done with you brains, but now it will take athletic ability and intellect to proceed, it is quite dangerous , so good luck."

Ellie said, "If that is your agreement then go to your rooms and change into the clothes provided and meet us in the testing chamber in the basement in one hour."

When they met again they were in a modest sized auditorium. There was a stage divided into three sections. In the middle was a large transparent tank of water. To the right a strange cage with an terraced incline, on each of the terraces something dark moved. To the left was a simple set of three ropes , two longer ones attached to a winch system in the ceiling , and the third was a noose. In front of the stage was a circle of six hooded nude men in chairs with their hands tied behind their backs.

Ellie spoke. "Each of you know in detail what your ordeal will be but here we have brought all together for the first time. Eda who is striving for the most, though each of you will have your own task you will help her by providing sexual stimulation for the men."

Continuing "Eda 's task will be to give a fellatio to six men in one hour, she must bring each to climax with flowing semen. If not, she will receive a lethal electric shock exactly one hour after starting.

"Now ladies take you places."

While the women got onto the stage the eager guys in the audience watched.

Grace took here position first. She was now dressed in a white full white peasant skirt with fringe and inlaid leather high heel boots. She wore a low cut white blouse buttoned up the front. the tops of her substantial mahogany breasts showing. The skirt was cinched with a silver and turquoise belt. She wore her hair loose at her shoulders , flat silver earrings showed through coal black hair.

She took her position by the ropes. A muscular male attendant came forward one placed the ropes about her booted ankles and the noose about her long neck. She reached over her head with both hands and grasped the rope. As the rope was drawn taught she kept the rope from chocking her by drawing up her body weight with her arms. She was confident she could endure for an hour.

Meanwhile Rosemary was being placed in the cage with the snakes. She was dressed as a in light blue formal ballroom dress with plunging neckline. She wore her hair up pinned into place with a silver clasp. The full skirt of the dress descended to just above her ankles and a pair of satin open toed formal high heels. A simple set of pearls around her neck was elegant above the tops of her creamy fair-skinned breasts. Her arms attired in long light blue evening gloves.

She looked with discomfort from the top of the first incline. Before her lay about eight feet of steep roughed carpeted slope ending on a flat terrace which was solid with snakes. They were vicious aggressive poisonous clade like Black Mambas, Kraits, Taipans and Cobras. They were held to the terrace by a six inch high finely barbed fence across the edge of the flat landing. Beyond this was another terrace which ended at floor level with another expanse of snakes to be crossed before reaching a door which would be unlocked for a hour.

Rosemary knew she would have to proceed slowly it would be disaster to lose balance and tumble into a pile of snakes.

Dana was being prepared for water tank. The proud brunette was wearing a thin white turtle neck sweater, she was braless and the nipples of her firm young breasts pushed lasciviously against the thin material. She wore a full black and white checkered cotton skirt cinched at the waist with a wide dark leather belt and a smart pair of black high heeled pumps which had small straps that encircled her ankles and buckled. Her hair was drawn back in pony tail and held with a white scarf. She sported a pair of white button earrings.

She had been handcuffed with her arms over her head and now the attendant was fastening a releasable clamp into the manacles on her wrists. The attached rope ran up to the ceiling to a winch and was now being powered up. She was being lifted slowly from the floor.

Dana was thinking about the ankle straps on the shoes. Since her task was to tread water for an hour while being handcuffed her was hoping that she would be able to kick off the shoes. She could not do that now.

While the other three women were being prepared Eda was allowed to get a bit of a head start in enticing the men. She was still wearing her two piece tan business suit with the smart ruffled blouse and matching tan bow tie.

She sat on the edge of the stage in front of the men. She slowly lifted her left leg and rested the long high heel of her brown pump on the edge of the stage. This caused the hem of her skirt to slowly rise above her knee. She teased the men with a view up her long tan stocking legs. They could see past the gartered stocking top to a pair of peach colored panties. The eyes of the men were on her she was getting some interest from them.

By scooting back and them forward the material of her skirt and brown lace trimmed slip bunched above a pair of smooth ample thighs , the straps of her garters impressed into the skin. The straps disappeared beneath the thin panties. She was able to get the skirt and slip finally above top of her panties were the top of the brown satin garter belt showed. The men exhibited interest.

She noticed from Ellie that it was about time to start. She stood up and slowly slid out skirt and slip. Carefully rolled the thin panties down and off of her long nylon clad legs and kicked them off her shoes. She removed her brown jacket , blouse and tie. She was wearing a beige merry widow waist cincher. Stretching her arms over her head she was able to tease her breasts out of the bra cups the pink nipples stood stiff in the cool air. She was wearing now only her corset ,gartered tan hosiery, light brown high heels ,a gold chain necklace and matching gold chain wristlet.

Pretty hot stuff for such a cultured lady, Elle thought to herself. she was sure Eda felt some discomfiture , but she was a covetous lady too

As a male attendant handcuffed Eda, Elle said, "You will , as you know, only be able to use your mouth to bring these men to climax and try not to electrocute one if you time runs out."

Eda did not look amused. The attendant came forward with two long wires and attached alligator clips to the hardened nipples. She winched briefly in pain. Crude but effective she thought. She put it out her mind and bent towards the crotch of the first man.

Elle added , "there are medical attendants,those alive at the end of an hour but in need will be helped. Now we may began."

Dana had been hoisted to above the surface of the water in the ten foot deep water tank. As she was now being lowered the high heels of black pumps pierced the surface of the water. The full cotton skirt and a lace trimmed petticoat spread out on the water on the water like a lily pad. She gradually went down giving a slow sensual revelation of her legs. Nicely turned ankles, slim calves, refined knees, trim but full thighs, the tops of tightly gartered grey tone stockings, white garter straps against fair skin vanishing under a pair of dip-front white cotton bikinis which now became translucent in the water revealing the rest of the garter belt beneath the panties and a triangle of curly brunette pubic hair.

She was released from hoist cable, she dipped under the water for a second but came up strongly treading water.

Dana was embarrassed. She had never shown off her legs to men this was before. And the men were appreciating her. From the bottom of her high heels to top of her white garter belt she was a beautiful picture of well muscled slim legs and lingerie. The soft action of the water seemed to mold her skin and enhance the beauty of her legs.

Meanwhile the ropes had become taught and Grace's booted feet came off the floor. Now she had to put some muscle into keeping the rope from choking her. She felt confident she could support her weight this was while the angle of her legs increased. Her legs were also drawn apart at about a forty five degree angle and she had to fight against a tendency to twist on the ropes.

Rosemary had decided the only way to negotiate the first incline was feet first. She figured she would deal with the terrace full of snakes when she got there. She sat down and began scooting down the steep incline her gloved hands overhead, flat, to ease the way down. This caused her some chagrin too because now the friction between the carpeting on the incline caused her skirt and frothy slip to retreat up her legs. She could see some of the men ogling the well rounded musculature of a dancer's limbs enhanced by blue tone nylons. She was half way down the incline before skirts were completely bunched above tightly gartered hosiery, sublime thighs and tight powder blue half briefs with a blue garter belt visible through the material.

Eda knew the men were aware that these cosmopolitan ladies they watched had never displayed their charms this way before. She was having an easy time with the first guy. Her tongue laved the underside of his cock. She twisted her head rotating her lips around the top of the organ, she could feel stiffness increasing. She did not have a lot of experience in this but she was a smart lady and could figure out how to arouse a man.

She drove down on the guy's dick impelling it to back of her throat. Her chin lightly touching his balls. She could feel the quaver of his excitement the hot love fluid was rising. Arching his groin he came, the thick juice coursing to back of her throat. She suppressed a retch and let the fluid flow from the corners of her mouth to show her success. She milked him to the last squirt and pulled back and looked at the wall clock. Six minutes, not bad but she would like to have gone faster.

Dana floated with ease, her abashment about her exposed legs and undies was less now. She even took some amusement in the leg-show for the men. She knew that she had great legs and as she slowly rotated in the water she showed off their well curved musculature enhanced by sheen of the wet nylons.

She noticed the coolness of the water on her body. Colder than she would have liked. She could feel a slight amount of numbness creeping on her feet. Soon she felt she would have to tread more vigorously water to improve circulation. She did not like this for she was hoping to float to conserve energy. But she felt she could do it.

Not like Rosemary she thought. As she rotated she could see the woman on the snake apparatus. Dana felt she had it easy compared to her. Good, she thought, one less bitch to contend with.

Rosemary had reached the plane of the first tier. She had let her high heels down careful to the flat surface. She was still flat on her back on the incline. The bunched up skirt and petticoats made it hard for her to see were she was putting her feet. She felt terribly exposed putting her bared legs that near to dangerous snakes. Her strategy was now to stand and walk to edge of this tier as gingerly as possible.

She was able to arc her back and stand up. The full skirt of the evening dress discreetly covering her legs again. She picked her way though a writhing mass of elapide. A skillful lass, she did not disturb a one of them.

Reaching the other edge were she needed to start down the continued incline, she encountered a problem. The small spiny fence that keep the first tier of snakes confined now made sitting down on the incline surface difficult. She made it with effort. However the hem of her long skirt and petticoats became entangled in the wire.

She was caught only three quarters over the edge of the terrace the material of her dress ensnared back underneath her. Her head almost resting on the small wire fence. She made no notice this time of the total exposure of legs and lingerie. The bundle of caught skirts almost at her arm pits was hindering any progress.

Craning her neck she reached back to work with the snagged material. Digging in her heels and arcing her back she was able to tear part of petticoat off. In the process she caused her high peaked breasts to lurch from under the top the dress. Pink areoles and stiff red nipples gradually escaped the distressed neckline. The material caught taught beneath her breasts leaving the exquisite mounds fully uncovered.

Rosemary could feel something on her arms. Struggling, she had not noticed a large Taipan had decided to use her as an avenue of escape from the terrace. She at once lay still.

The snake slithered over her head and down her body. Down her outstretched left leg. It looked as if it was going to exit down the slope but it seemed to change its mind and reversed its direction. It coiled underneath her leg and advanced upward spiraling around the outstretched limb. She could feel the movement through the fabric of the her hose. Finally the scaled body tracing along the flesh of her inner thigh. The head rose up above her crotch. She stared at it, she had been cool up to now but her body stiffened at the sight of the venomous head. The Taipan sensed this and became alert. Then triggered by an unintentional twitch in Rosemary's leg, it struck. It sent fangs though the thin fabric of blue panties into her mound of Venus and pumped its poison.

Rosemary arched her back and twisted involuntarily. The snake disengaged and tumbled down the slope.



Eda was working on man number three while Rosemary was undergoing her difficulty with the snake. The sight of the reptile entwining about her attractive leg seem to excite him. Eda was just scraping the tip of his stiff member with her teeth and tongue as the snake struck it venomous blow at the juncture of Rosemary legs. The guy sighed and let out heated cum, it splashed off her front teeth.

Eda glanced at the clock, thirty minutes, she thought. Three more to go. She was a little disappointed she had not gone faster. The clips on the tips of breasts caused a numb pain that now annoyed her.

The cold water in the tank had finally motivated Dana to tread water. She slowly scissored her shapely legs. It was a bit difficult, the high heels hampered and the full-fashioned hose was not help in keeping her limbs warm.



At thirty five minutes Grace was holding out well. The continuing increase in the incline of her legs was now past horizontal and increasing. It was her turn for discomfiture, for the lace trimmed skirt hem retreated gradually over her well-proportioned legs reveling bone white stockings against tan skin. When the angle became large enough the white skirt and wide cotton slip gathered at her waist. A pink garter belt with dainty bows held up the tops of the white nylons. Over these were a cute pair of lace trimmed pink string bikini panties. A hint of raven pubic hair crinkled the fabric.

The strain of the weight of her body accentuated the firm muscles of flat belly and handsome legs. She had supported her weight with her arms for more than thirty minutes now. She now noticed that the flood lights on her were a little hot. Sweat was beginning to stand on her brow. She realized that a little more had been added to the trial. She now began to curse the hot lights.

Rosemary had regained calm. Her movement caused by the snake bite had torn her free from the small wire fence. Tatters of the bottom of her skirt and petticoat were caught there.

She looked down at her pubic area, she could just see four small tears in the fabric, stained slightly with blood and venom. She felt no pain there but she knew she must get to the medical help. She glanced at the clock, nearly thirty minutes had passed.

This incline was longer and steeper. She tried to move more quickly. The bandanna of skirt and petticoat beneath her impeded her. She did not even notice when the friction of the carpet against the seat of her panties caused too much stress on the material. The holes in the fabric made by the snake became rips. Finally the crotch of the panties tore completely out only the elastic legbands encircling her thighs. The cute blue garter belt framed the curls of her light brown pubic hair. But she was beyond embarrassment at the disclosure of her twat. She was beginning to get sick.

Dana was beginning to suffer the first stages of hypothermia as she was now a little drowsy. The heavy manacles tended to pull her arms down. As she moved her legs to keep up her circulation she noticed something funny. The water had taken the elastic out of her underwear. The elastic in the waistband had decomposed in the water. Another annoyance by the perpetrators of this trial, she thought.

The waist band of the panties drifted down making the underwear inverted, unveiling a triangle of brunette hair bordered by the white garter belt. Drifting downward hesitatingly this made a wispy hindrance constricting her thighs. She tried tearing the material by moving her legs but though light it was tough. Now she did not care about abashment, the material was constricting her movements, so she would have to work them off.

The first thing she noticed was excessive salivation and then abdominal pains. It was five minutes past the Taipan bite. Rosemary's composure was slipping.

She had finally reached the bottom of the second incline and carefully put a foot down on the level surface. She rested, her intent to thread her way on foot through the snakes as before. She was drowsy, she had a feeling of thickened tongue and difficulty in swallowing.

Painfully she got the other foot down but now as she tried to push upright the high heels slipped from under her and she slid off the edge of the incline her bare rump landing on the floor. She sat there one leg with knee up and the other flat. She watched in horror as several snakes shifted over her legs.

She lay with her head back on the incline and her arms with the long gloves outreached on either side. Her firm perfectly proportioned breasts upthrust. A Mamba curled up between her open thighs. It weaved in front of her face for a moment. A small twitch in her body seemed to irritate it and sprang upwards sinking fangs in her left breast.

Below a small Krait was making passage underneath the strap on her garter belt. As she started at the Mamba strike it drove deadly teeth into graceful inner thigh.

At Rosemary's new thrashings the snakes withdrew in confusion. Her vision was blurring and her respiration was labored. She began to go into convulsions.

Eda had been having a hard time with man number four but now she noticed a quickened stiffness in his prick. She sensed he was watching something. Out of the corner of her eye she could see Rosemary's death throes. The guy was excited pushing his hard organ to the back her mouth. Come on and die lady she thought.

Rosemary's movements were completely involuntary now. She rolled in the snakes and they swarmed on her. A Cobra was impaled into a shapely buttock. She pitched her breasts as scaled bodies crossed her flat stomach. A dozen snakes entwined her graceful stocking clad legs. She raised her hips in spasm after spasm. She sustained bite after bite. Mewling sounds became croaks. Bloody drool leaked from her mouth. For several minutes her nearly nude body thrashed among the snakes. Finally in one last arch of her back she lost control of her sphincters and a rainbow of urine arched in pinwheel as she rolled. She came to rest on her back the bottoms of her satin high heels scooting against the floor with last death twitches. She died with a croak her evening gloved hands clutching at her throat.

The surprise on her face ,wide open pale blue eyes, her still beautiful charms framed in tattered dress, her dancers legs and pert breasts displayed in death now excited guy four to loosen his cum in Eda mouth. He convulsed in joyful spasms, squirting down the back of her throat.

Eda moved to the next guy, he he has already hard, the last display had excited him. As her mouth closed over his cock she winched in the pain of her sore neck muscles. She hoped one of the women behind her was about to meet Rosemary's fate.

She was about to get her wish for Grace was now in trouble. After forty five minutes of feeling strong she was loosing her grip. Rosemary's thrashings and sounds of dying had unnerved her. The heat of the lamps has causing her to sweat. The blouse was so soaked that it was translucent now her ample breasts almost revealed by the wet material.

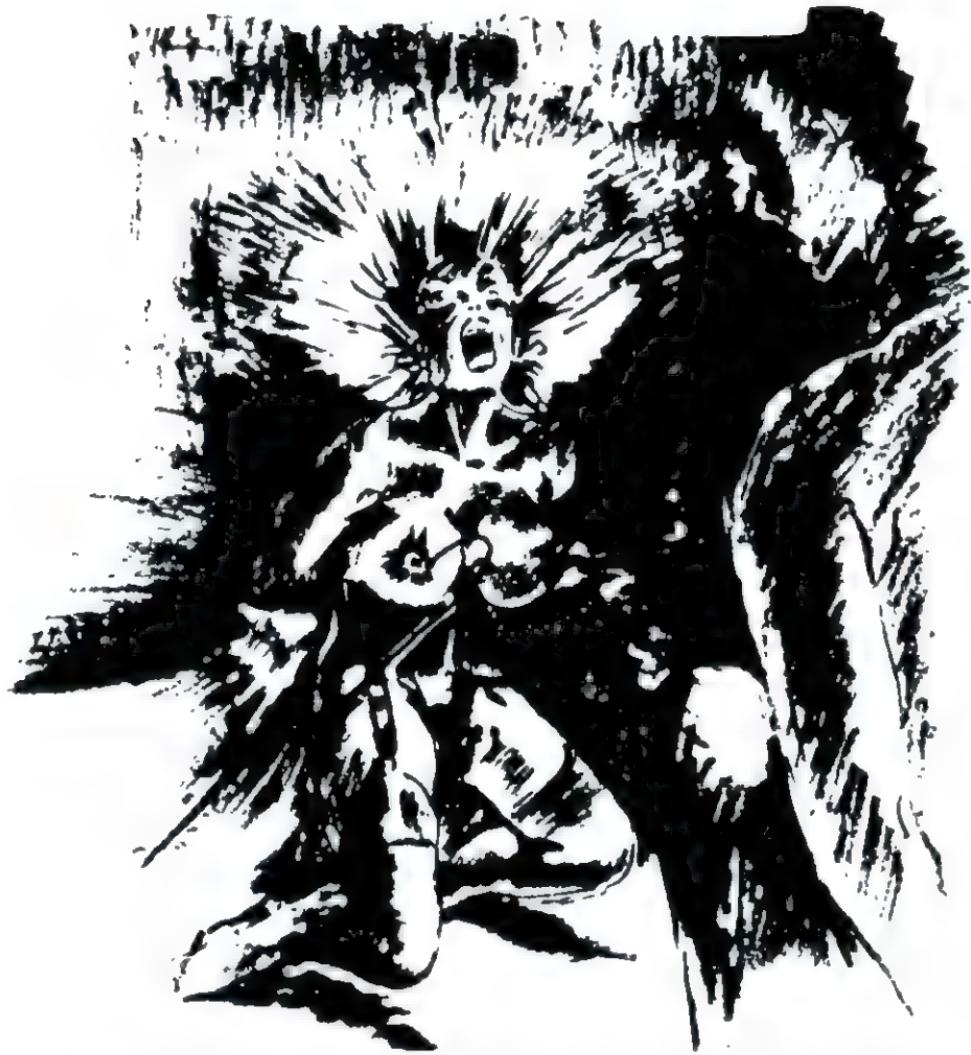
Her legs were now almost at forty five degrees from the vertical. Perspiration ran down the white hose and made rivulets on the dusky expanse of her thighs. The bikinis were sodden with sweat. Her hands were wet and the rope was wet.

She lost the hold of left hand. This caused her to twist over face down. The apparatus that held her booted feet up rotated in compensation leaving her still with legs spread but now she faced the floor but with her arms in a more awkward position.

She was able to get hold with her left hand again. Her breasts pushed so hard against the cloth of the ruffled blouse that the top four buttons popped off. The open v-front gradually widened first nutbrown nipples slipped out then both breasts rolled unrestricted out of her blouse.

Her back and shoulders muscles ached unmercifully. She had uncontrollable tremors in her arms. She could feel the noose indolently tighten on her windpipe. She broke long nails trying to keep her grip. She made desperate whimpers. Finally one hand then the next slipped off the rope and she could not get purchase again.

Eda could feel the guys enthusiasm in the stiffness of his prick. She was aware of the something happening to one the the other women but she did not have time to look. She sucked and licked trying to get the man to discharge



Like some wanton bird Grace kicked and twisted. Supported only by the ropes on her boots and the knot about her neck. Her face a mask of dread, veins standing out at her temples. Slender stocking legs lurched and generous breasts surged as she made a weak effort to grasp the rope again.

The rope crushed into her trachea. Her tongue protruded and bloody foam welled from her mouth as she tried to suck precious air. Death spasms rippled in the muscles of her gorgeous slim legs. In a shudder that ran along the body and with a the sound of a death rattle from her throat she stilled. Her lovely dark brown eyes staring in tortured exhausted amazement.

Watching a beautiful young woman die like that was almost enough for man number four. But the loss body function capped it as urine bubbled from the lady coursing though the fabric to the panties running down her almost inverted body it dripped from the tips of her breasts. His belly tightened and feverish fluid filled Eda's mouth.

Dana had worked the panties down far enough that she could get her left foot out of them. They caught on her right shoe making a dainty flag that moved back and forth with her movements. But the effort tired her and the water now seemed frigid. She was having trouble concentrating.

She blacked out for a second and took a breath of water. This shocked her. This revived her but now she could not keep her head above water. Her attractive face took on a look of desperation. The muscles in her neck were corded. She shook her head from side to side in defiance of her fate. She began thrashing her trim legs she screamed but these quickly became incoherent gurgling sounds. Vivacious breasts thrust against the thin cloth of the wet turtleneck sweater. This went on for about five minutes her movements becoming uncontrolled. As she finally died she still tried to tread water but only death tremors ran along her pretty athletic legs. She began to sink. The hem of the inverted skirt and petticoat floating up to near her chin. Exquisite blue eyes blindly gazing in painful incredulity.

The sixth man was hard as a brick. Eda knew that he was watching Dana's last moments. She smoothed her lips in the sensitive tip of his cock. She felt a thrust of his hips. She moved back sure the guy was about to have a climax. She looked at the clock, good lord five seconds left, she had lost track of time. She looked at the guy pleadingly. A bead of seamen stood at the top of his organ. Come on you bastard lets have it, she thought.

The current was low in amperage but very high in voltage. She was on her knees but now she rocked back on her legs, still upright. The electricity pouring into her breasts made them vibrate in a carnal dance. She writhed in agony as the amperage increased and coursed in her. Jaws clinched. She jerked her head, the semen that streaked her face flew off in droplets. Tiny wisps of smoke curled for the clips on her stiff nipples. She danced on her knees like this for about two minutes. Then the current went off.

Still sitting on her knees she seemed to be trying to take a breath. The gorgeous face was contorted in death. Her hazel eyes open in astonishment at her failure. For a few seconds she waved her breasts from side to side. Then she pitched head down into the man's lap. She rested face down on the guy's cock. This was the last stimulus for him. Pleased he had not been shocked and excited by the erotic demises around him he shot a bus-load of cum onto her face. It coursed onto her face in thick creamy streamers, matting her eyelashes.

Dana's body had been resting head down at the bottom of the tank, the heavy handcuffs causing her to be inverted. Her pony tail and the drifting panties caught on her right shoe waltzed in unison. Her skirt had drifted up to cover her legs. But now the attendant had gotten a cable loop around her left ankle. Pulling the body from the tank the skirts sweep back reveling the young woman's comely nylon clad legs again. The attendant brought her suspended body down to floor level. Water dripping from the pony tail. Blue eyes transfixed.

She was the last to be checked by the medical attendant. He made his report to Elle and Bella. "All four are dead," he said.

"Well, we will have to wait for the next crop before we can retire, Bella."

She nodded to the three attendants. She, Bella and the medical attendant left the room.

The attendants released the six men and led them from room.

When they came back the one who was attending Grace cut the rope that was around her neck. She swung down upside down the frayed end of the rope brushing the floor. He too was excited by watching a attractive young woman die painfully. He pressed his hands along Grace's sweaty thighs and rolled the waist band of her abbreviated panties back until it made a thin nylon band halfway between the juncture of her legs and her knees. He lowered her just enough so the black thatch of her pussy was right in his face.

He got out his hard prick and eased it to her open mouth, his balls bumping on her pretty nose. Her dead brown eyes stared into the guys crotch.

The attendants with Dana saw this and became worked up. He lowered the woman's body to the floor and placed her on her back. The wet skirt and petticoat were wound around her waist. He took off his shorts and squatted over her gorgeous slim legs. He unwound the thin wet pair of panties caught on her high heeled shoe and rubbed the end of his dick with it. He moved his hard dork against an expanse of cool wet stockings. The cold metal of tabs in her garter straps against her thighs brushed his balls. While his hard cock rested on her pussy he worked the bottom of the thin soggy turtle neck out of the top of the rucked up skirt. He rolled the wet material back across her handsome stomach. The drenched cotton made a sucking sound as passed upwards revealing pert breasts, pink nipples still hard from the cold. He placed his cock between them pushed the mounds together and moved back and forth.

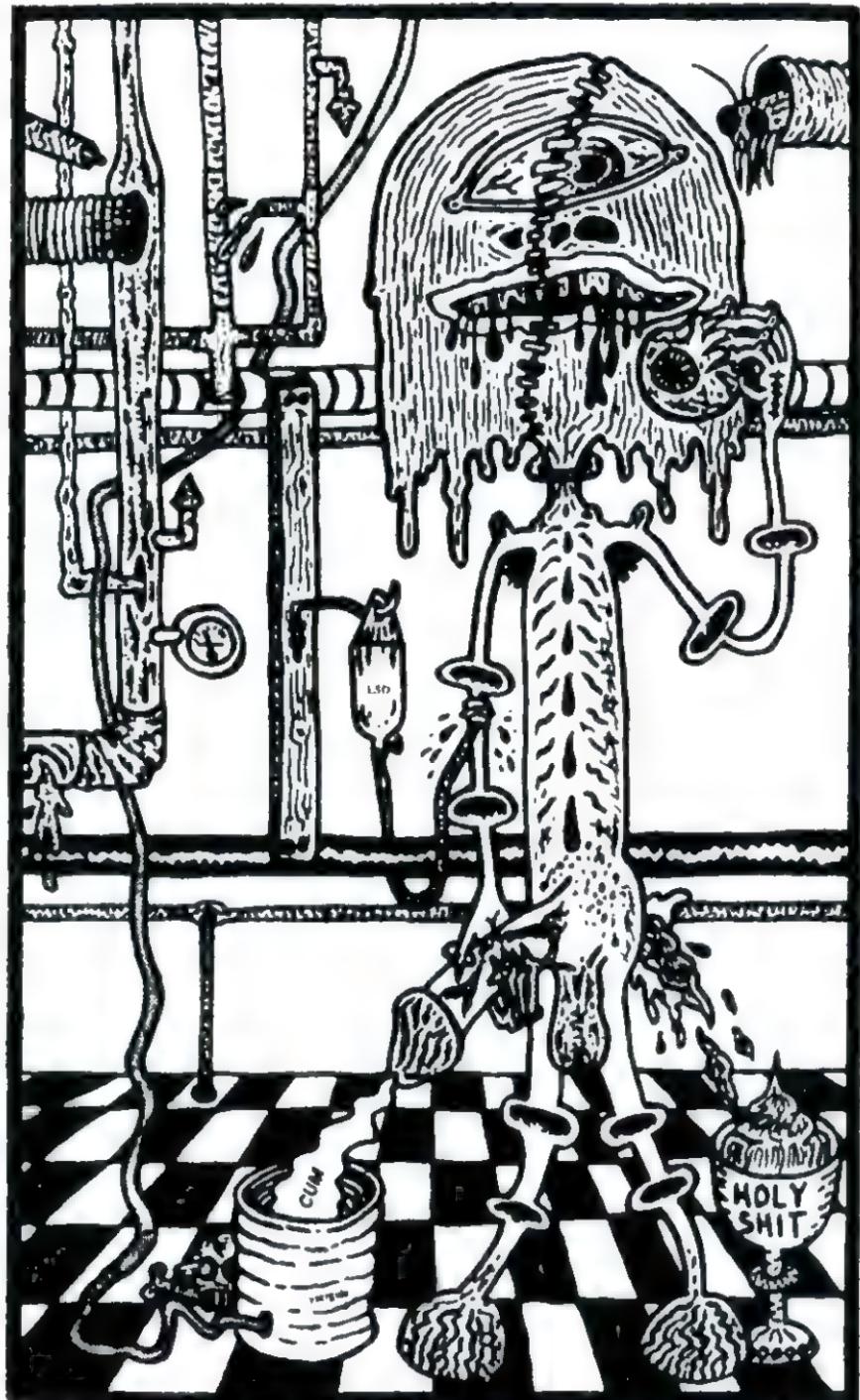
Grace was being screwed in the face with abandon. The guys face buried in her crotch, his hands between her garters kneading buttocks. He came in great thrusting convulsions. His cream filled her dead mouth. When he pulled back the thick juice ran over her upper lip into her nose, over her staring eyes dripping off the long strands of black hair.

The guy with Dana kept himself excited by looking at her beautiful dead face, comely blue eyes transfixed. The top of his hard dick bumped against the bottom of her chin. When he finally hit his climax his cum leapt from him in a thick strand that landed diagonally across Dana's patrician face. Pearly fluid accumulated in the hollow of her throat.

They placed cable loops on a foot of each of the ladies and hoisted them up. The cables were affixed to tracks in the ceiling. The four women were yet not rigid with rigor mortus yet. In their disheveled clothes, breasts bouncing indecently and the glint harsh light on sheer hosiery, they made an obscene procession as they were conveyed out of the room.

That night the attendants had fun teasing the crocodiles in their pit with the bodies of tasty career ladies.

R.J.Moore is always looking for stories like "Room at the Top", or artwork, or people that would like to illustrate similar stories. Write: Robert Moore P.O. BOX 591395 Houston, TX 77259



MIKE DIANA 1990

FREUDIAN



1

BDA







The Faces of Charles Manson
According to his disciple Squeaky, "He was a changeling. He seemed to change every time I saw him."



Use the sutures to sew up his foreskin -- if religion or an enterprising physician hasn't robbed him of this. Or use it to sew up the meatus of his penis. Sew his lips together or his eyelids either open or closed. Sew his hands together — one of the most effective forms of bondage



Fig. 20-7. A, Outline of prepuce or meatus. B, Skin flap undermined and sutured. C, Cephalic dissection reflected, exposing the glans penis. D, Glans penis transected at the delivery of penile

ALIEN METAPHORS



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WANTED

For CRIMES against HUMANITY and NATURE



JESUS CHRIST

Christ is wanted as an accomplice (before the fact) to the persecution and murder of countless millions.

Christ is the founder of Christianity, a fanatical religion, that promises eternal life but results in human slavery.

WARNING:

The followers of Christ have seized control of hundreds of nations and millions of minds. They are armed and dangerous both politically and ideologically.

Jesus Christ
Is a Piece of Shit



We are
filled
with
HATE

transitional to dilated clefts. In many cases marked tracheal deviation takes place as a result of infection from the lobulomaxillary cysts (Fig. 14-7).

formed at the junction of the maxillary and mandibular arches and

several

hairs

are

seen

in

the

area

of

the

maxilla

and

the

mandible

and

the

area

of

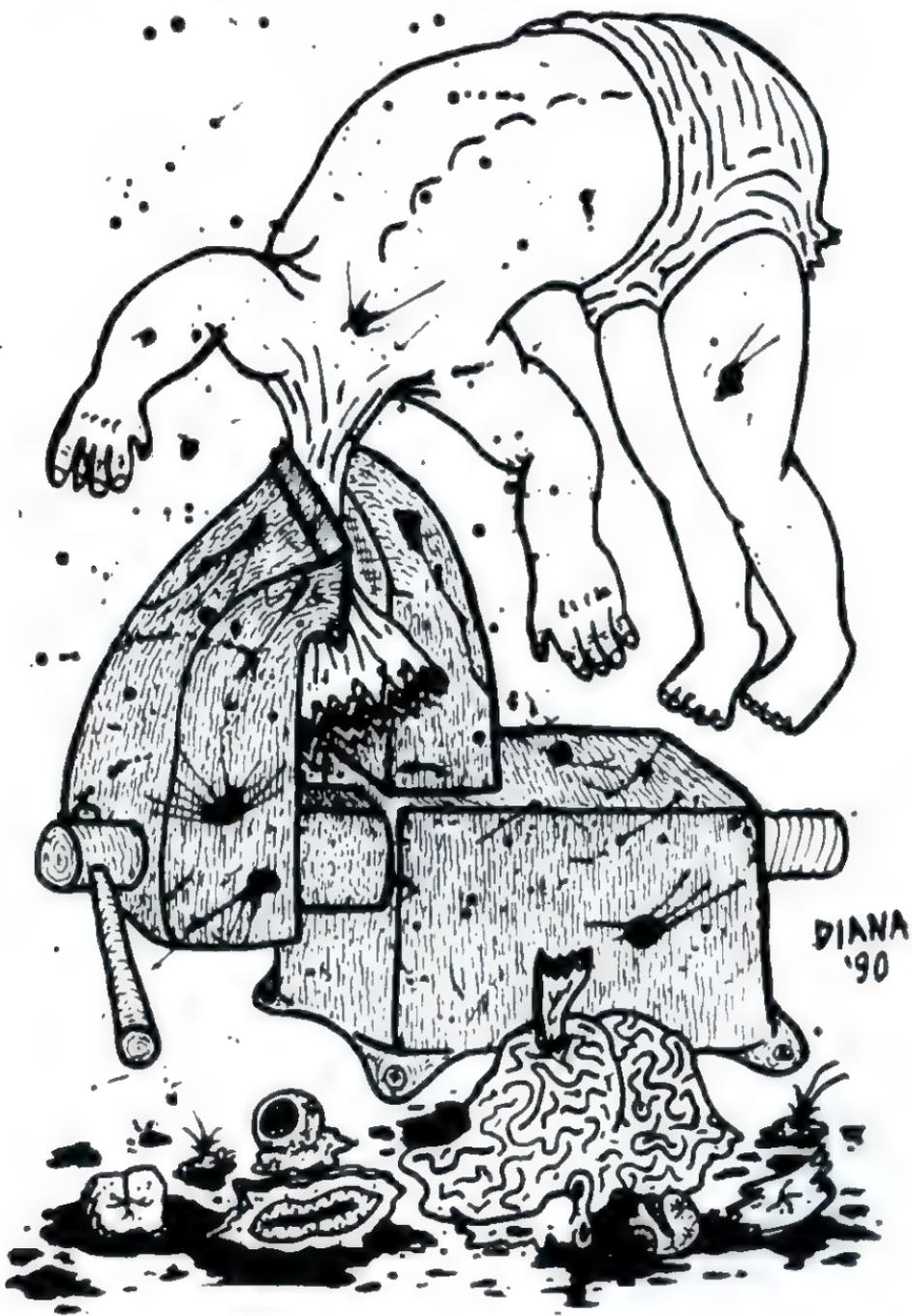
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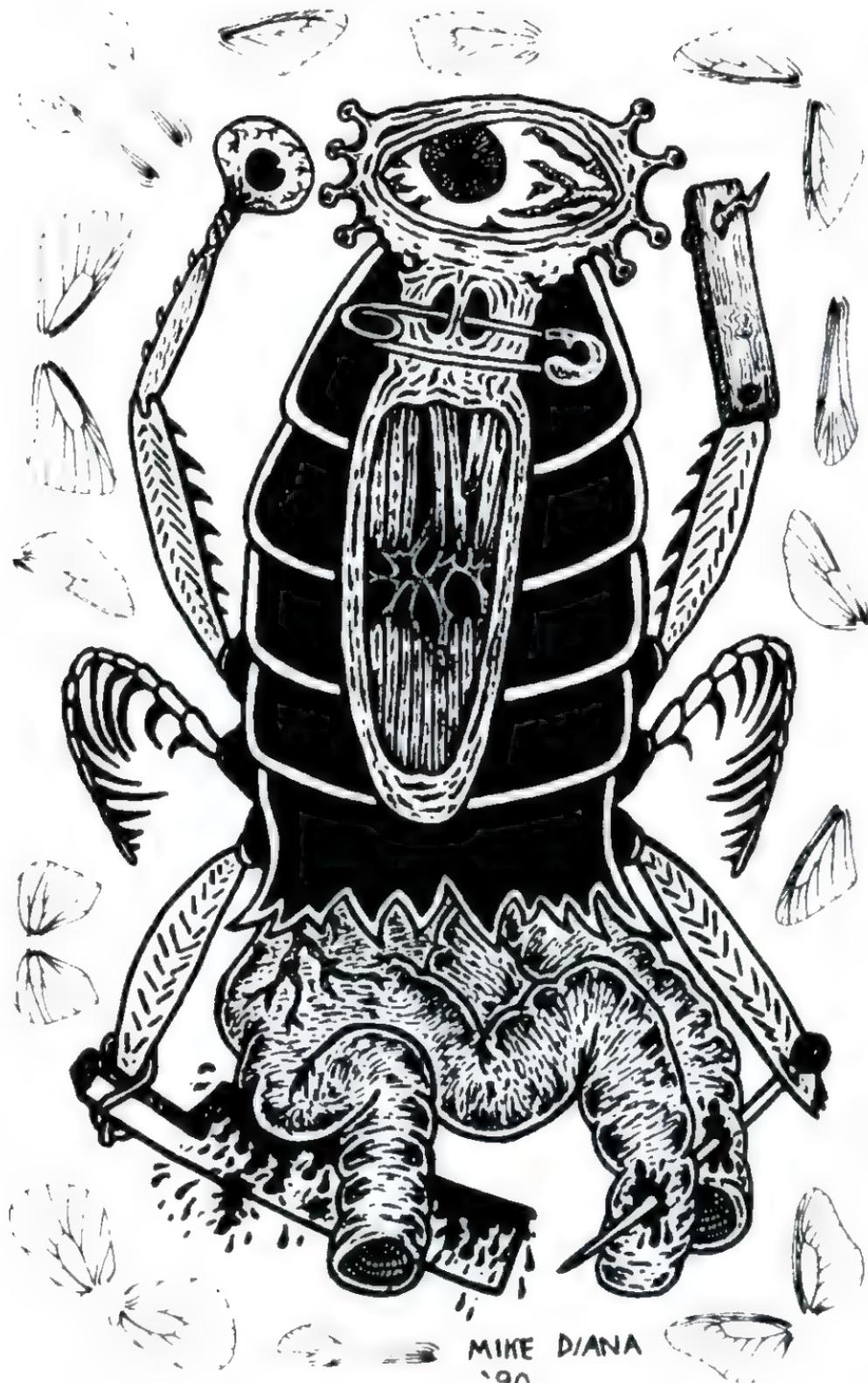
maxilla

and

the

Many people think of childhood as a happy time of life,
responsibility, much play and endless enjoyment. Why
is it then that so many children have thoughts such as 'I'm
dumb, ugly and stupid. I wish I were dead' and 'Nobody
loves me. Why do so many children appear sad and blue.'





MIKE DIANA
'90

WANNA
SNIFF MY
FEMALE FOOT
COLLECTION
HUH?



M. DIANA '89

Slowly crushing a portion of the human anatomy has been a popular interrogation technique since earliest recorded history. Crushing combines those elements which are most important to interrogation: the inherent ability to produce great pain, and the potential for a gradual buildup so that after each period of questioning the torture can be progressed a little further, increasing the pain slightly, to another plateau where questioning can resume.



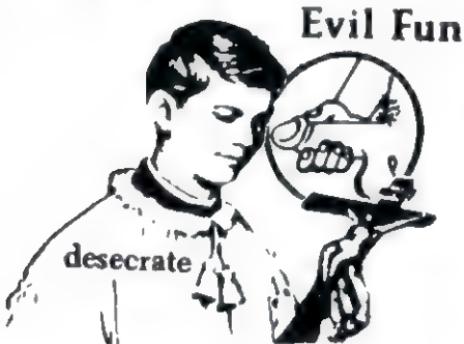
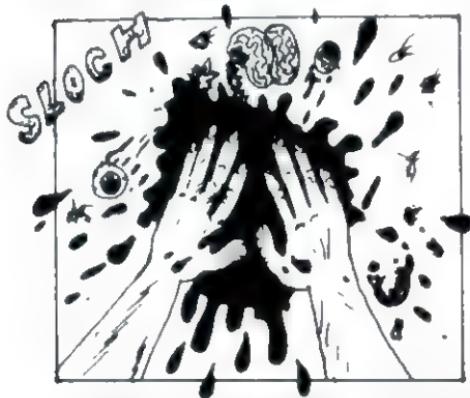
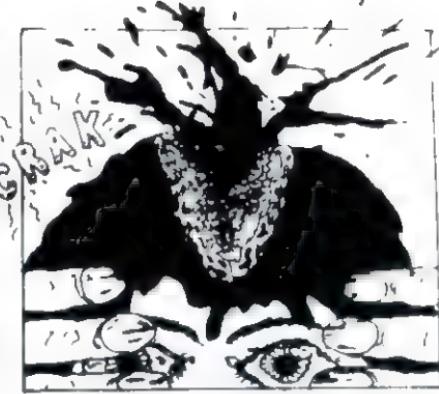


overwhelming buts





In some cases, killers have preserved whole sections of their victims' bodies, such as legs, trunks, and torsos. Edmund Kemper, for example, murdered his mother and kept her head in his possession for weeks after the killing. He also preserved the heads of some of his other victims. He would use the decaying heads as masturbatory objects as well as dart boards. He went so far after killing his verbally manipulative and cruel mother as to remove her vocal cords and run them through the garbage disposal unit.



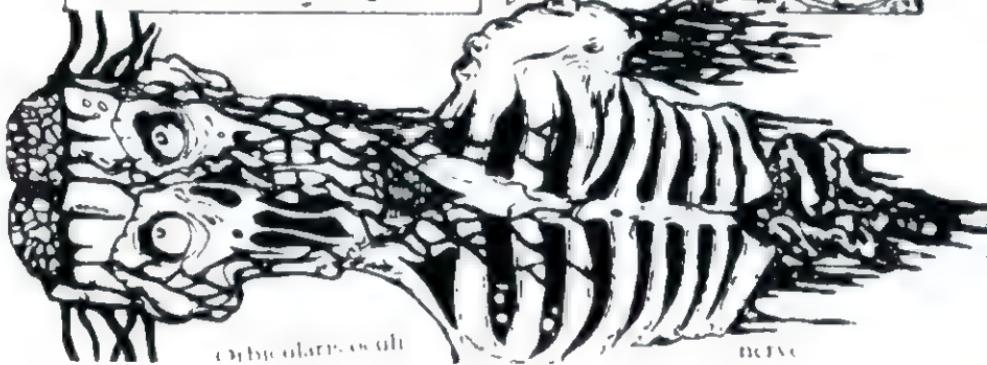
Evil Fun

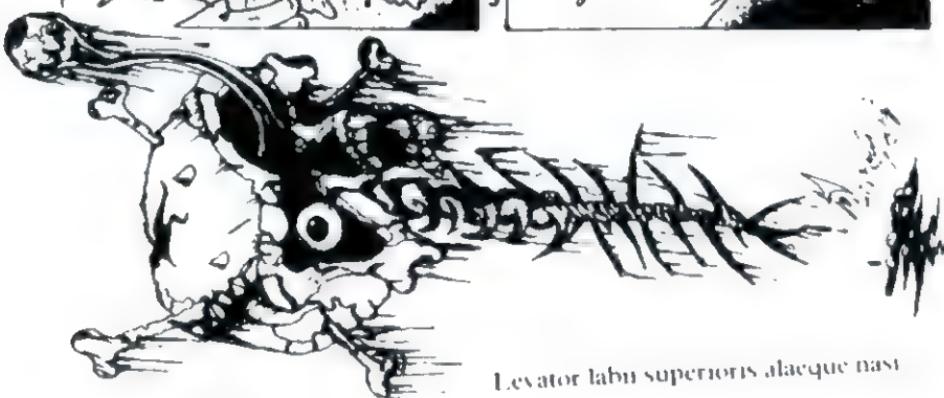
Hate 666

KILL!

Vagus nerve
Carotid sinus on internal carotid artery

Blow Me, Christ. ☽

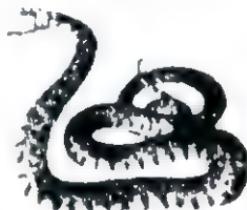






Cocaine, amphetamine, and methamphetamine are also widely believed to be aphrodisiacs, and in addition to being injected or snorted up the nostrils, they are sometimes applied directly to the genitals. Stimulant users report intensified sexual feelings and marathon sexual activities. Cocaine is judged by users to be superior to the other stimulants in this respect. However, users also often report sexual arousal with

FUCK



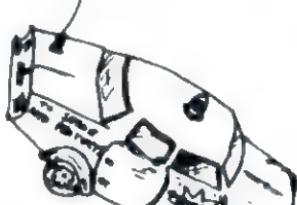


SICK SENT IT?



DAMN CHICKS
SCREAMS VIBRATED
THOSE METAL
SUPPORT BARS,
AND GRAVITY
TOOK ITS
CORSE!

IS DOZEN
DONOTS ON
THE HOUSE
PLEASE!



NOW WASN'T THAT
A NICE HAPPY ENDING
I EVEN PICKED
UP A LITTLE SOMETHING
FOR MY MOTHER!



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Արագածոտնի մասնակիության մասին պատմությունները

THE RETARDED
RANCID SEX
SAC
HAS
AIDS





Buccal
Zygomatic
Temporal

branch of
facial nerve

Deep part of parotid gland
Superficial temporal artery

MIKE DIANA
1990



FUCK
GOD!



FUCK HER AND KILL HER.

BUTCHER

HAIL SATAN!



WE'RE
OUT
FOR
BLOOD.

SHOW NO
MERCY

BLOW JOB

Have a Good Day!
A message of cheer and good news

KILL

ONLY THE STRONG SURVIVE!

JESUSUCKSHIT

If God loves us, why are there such horrible abominations in the world?



GOD UNDERSTANDS!

AMERICAN SOCIETY IS NOW ACCEPTING THE IDEA THAT OLD PEOPLE WHO ARE IN PAIN AND HAVE NO FUTURE HAVE THE RIGHT TO END THEIR LIVES. WHY THE FUCK CAN'T YOUNG PEOPLE MAKE THE SAME DECISION? AGE MAKES NO DIFFERENCE: IF YOU'RE MISERABLE, WHY ENDURE IT?

YOUNG PEOPLE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR BEING FUCKED-UP. THEY WERE FUCKED-UP BY ADULTS! LET THE ADULTS TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE ACTIONS OF THE YOUNG. CHILDREN & TEENAGERS IN PAIN DIDN'T ASK TO BE BORN AND THEY DIDN'T ASK TO HAVE TO ENDURE THE SHIT THAT'S BEEN DUMPED ON THEM.

ONE THING'S FOR SURE: GOD DOESN'T LIKE TO SEE ANYONE SUFFER, AND CERTAINLY NOT YOUNG PEOPLE. IF THEY CHOOSE TO BE HAPPY NOW, IN HEAVEN, GOD WILL SURELY WELCOME THEM WITH OPEN ARMS!

DO YOU LOVE YOURSELF ENOUGH TO DO THE RIGHT AND COURAGEOUS THING?

ABORT

"LET THE CHILDREN COME TO ME!"

Anterior abdominal wall. Upper part of the right external and internal oblique muscles

Lysergic acid
diethylamide

Shit on a Bible.

Shit on
GOD!

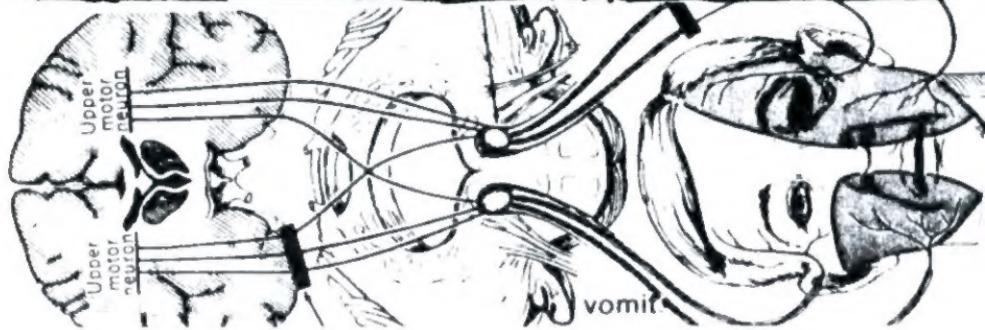


acid, blotter acid,
cubes, microdots,
orange sunshine,
paper acid, purple
haze, sunshine, tabs,
wedges, window
panes

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Stainless steel 60 gallon Groen lard render/ cooker, propane or gas • Visera cart brand new •
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Kill from the Heart

Z. R.







I AM A MUSICAL GENIUS
I CAN DO ANYTHING